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The Brownie Girls

By

Brownie Rathbone Weaverson

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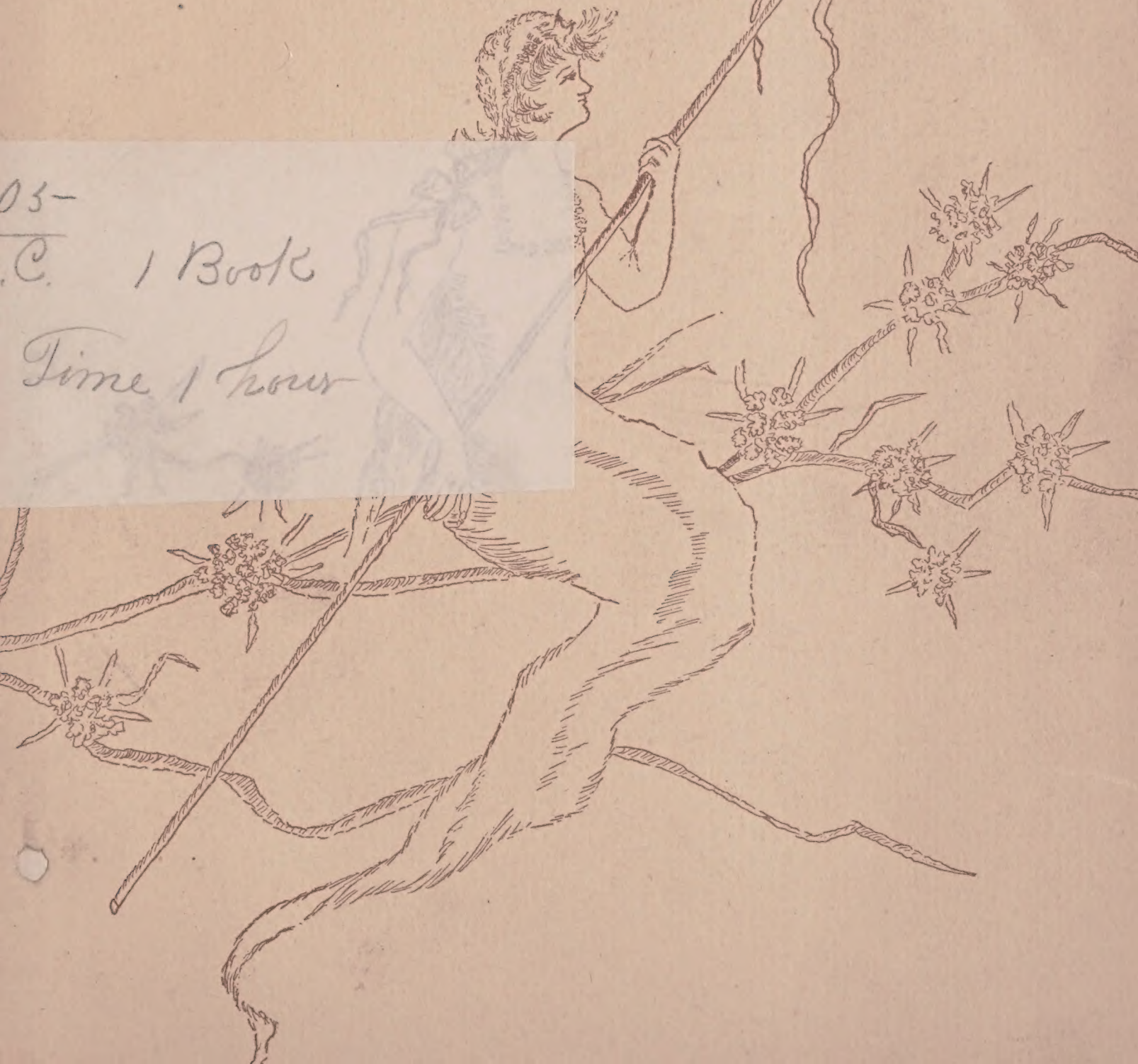

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Hester Lane Magee

THE BROWNIE GIRLS

BY

BROWNIE RATHBONE WEAVERSON

LOVINGLY DEDICATED TO TWO LITTLE NUT BROWN MAIDS

RUBY EGGELSTON MAGRAW

AND

BROWNIE HESTER LANE MAGEE

FRED WEAVERSON & CO.
PUBLISHERS
85 DEARBORN STREET
CHICAGO

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PREFACE.

How did I come to write the Brownie Girls? It is a quaint little story. I was standing in the corridor of an hotel talking to my husband. Two children playing near heard him call me Brownie; they came running up to us with their eyes full of wonder, and baby Goodhue, who looked as if he might have just arrived from one of Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales, said, "has oo' dot pants on? tan' oo' time a tee'?" "No, dear; what makes you think so?" He said, "oo' is a Brownie and dare isent any Mama Brownies." Then Master Allen Tindalph, who had been very quiet, said: "Why isent there any Mama Brownies?" "I don't know Allen; I have never thought about it." "Won't you find out and tell us?" I laughingly answered, "yes." I went in my room and wrote the Brownie Girls and made the crude little pen and ink people in a few hours, intending to make wash drawings. I found my baby friends so delighted with them I decided to make a Christmas book and leave them just as I first drew them, and to these two little friends I extend a loving remembrance and thanks.

THE AUTHOR.

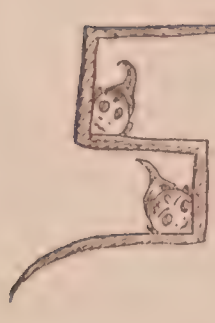
THE BROWNIE GIRLS.

History of their Birth.

(*Copyright 1895, by Brownie R. Weaverson.*)

THERE'S nothing new under the sun.
"Then 'its high time something new
is begun.
I'm the woodland sprite that speaks thus unto thee,
And have the power to change things as
you'll see.
When I wave this fairy wand, a summons
it will be

For all the wise old Scotch lairds to appear
unto me.
And the wisdom of my remarks I hope they'll
see
That it was a cruel thing to doom all Brownies
Old bachelors to be.
They have no little babies to dance upon their
knee,
Or any little wifies their comforts for to see,
As they were born of an "idee."
'Tis quite plain to me
That there can just as well Brownie Girls be.
Oh, won't the Brownies be surprised
And roll their funny round eyes."



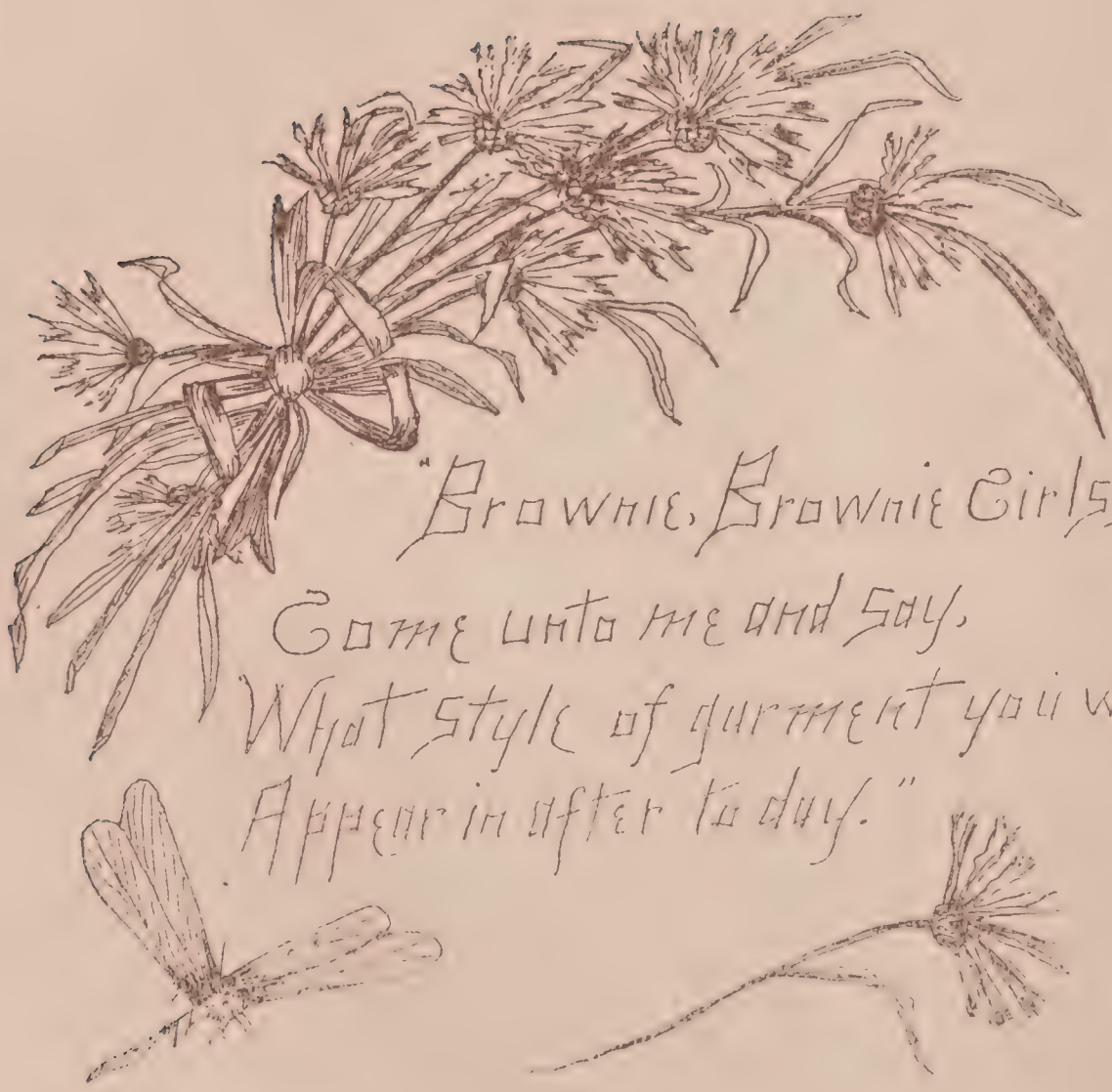
SHE waved her fairy wand, and three lairds
did appear:
"We're sent by the Scottish court, your
command to hear."

Then the Woodland Sprite arose,
And, after drinking their health,
The birth of the Brownie girls did propose.
The three old lairds with merriment shook,
But after a private consultation
The right view of it took.
They all did agree that a right good plan it seemed to be.
And with stately bows they all withdrew,
To let the Woodland Sprite see what she could do.
"Let me see! The first shall a little grandmother be!"

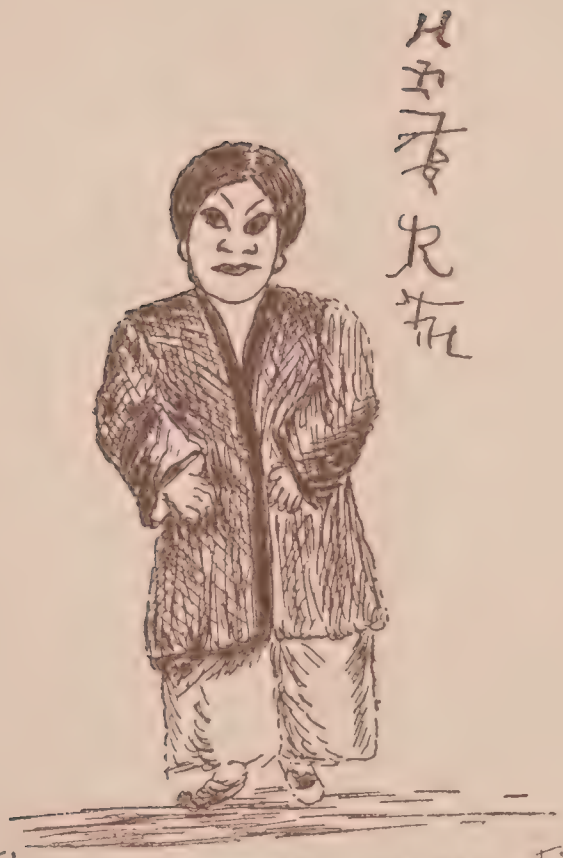
She waved her fairy wand,
One, two, three,
"Brownie, Brownie Grandma,
Come unto me."

And out of the ground there arose
A cute little grandma all dressed in her clothes.

WOODLAND SPRITE, your
command I obey;
I come to chaperon the Brownie girls to-day."
She waved her fairy wand, "One, two, three,
Brownie, Brownie girls, come unto me!"
And out of the ground there arose
A lot of crooked-legged little Brownie girls
Without any clothes.
Oh dear! Oh dear! They're a sight to see!
She waved her fairy wand, "One, two, three,
Fairy, fairy dressmakers, come unto me!"
They came from the east, they came from the west;
She selected those she thought would do the best,
For it was evident with skill they
Would each have to be dressed.


"Brownie, Brownie Girls,
Come unto me and say,
What style of gurment you will
Appear in after to day."

"I'll be the wife of the Sailor,
And sail the sea."



"I'll be the wife of the Chinaman,
And keep a little laundree."

"I'll be the Wife of Uncle Sam
And own all the Government Land."

"I'll be the Wife of the Dude,
And to my elegant Style all the
Neighbors Will allude"

"I'll be the Wife of the Policeman,
And carry a cute little club
And break the heads of all the Brownie boys.
That don't make good kids."

"I'll be a little nurse girl,
And attend to all their ills."

"I'll be a little Doctor,
And compound all their pills."

"I'll be the Wife of the Irishman
And Wash the clothes as White as new;
For it is high time that with
Chinese laundries were Through."

"I'll be a little typewriter girl,
With modest eyes cast down;
And captivate all the Brownie boys in town."

"I'll be the Queen; and with my Brownie band,
I will teach those foolish,
Young chaps that they dont own the Land."

I'll be a little bloomer girl,
And on my wheel i'll whirl;
I will not wear a skirt
And for a waist I like a shirt

AND the fairy fingers flew,
Weaving each one a garment,
With which they were soon through.
She waved her fairy wand, "One, two, three,
All fall in line and take a walk with me."

Book II.

THE BROWNIE BOYS' LARK.

When they first see the Girls.

ONE little Brownie said to me:
"Let's go out and see what we can see.
Let's go in the park and have a jolly lark.
We'll have to wear our Brownie clothes
Or else we'll come to grief;
For if we wear our uniforms, Palmer Cox
Will have us each arrested for a thief."
"Oh my! Oh my! Just look straight ahead,
And tell me what you see."
"My eyes! I think I'm going crazee!
Oh dear! Oh dear! They must be birds!"
"I think they are the coming women,
Of which we so much have heard."

"I THINK they are Brownie girls,
Sent us to wed, to mend our clothes,
And see that we are well fed."
Then the Woodland Sprite, who had
Just come in sight,
Waved her fairy wand, "One, two, three,
These are Brownie girls,
And your sweethearts are to be."
They all bowed low, and each by her costume
His future wife did know;
And well pleased was he.
So the next chapter will a Brownie wedding be.

Book III.

THE BROWNIE WEDDINGS.

THE BROWNIE WEDDINGS.

"HERE shall the Brownie
wedding be?"

"Out in the greenwood under a tree.
We'll send for fiddlers three
And a merry, merry time there'll be.
Their drinking cups shall be made of
Roses and filled with sparkling dew;

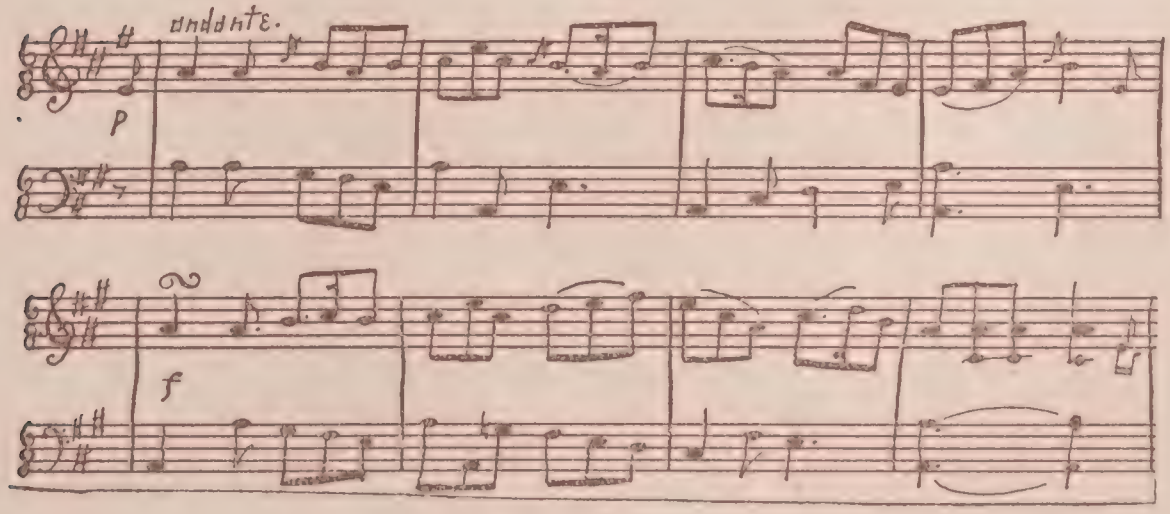
The banquet will begin when
The ceremony is through;
There will be salads
Of butterflies' wings,
Robin tongue sandwiches
And other dainty things.

The leaves began to rustle and the fiddlers to play,
The twinkling stars kept time as they
Glided on their way.
And all this happened in the merry month of May.

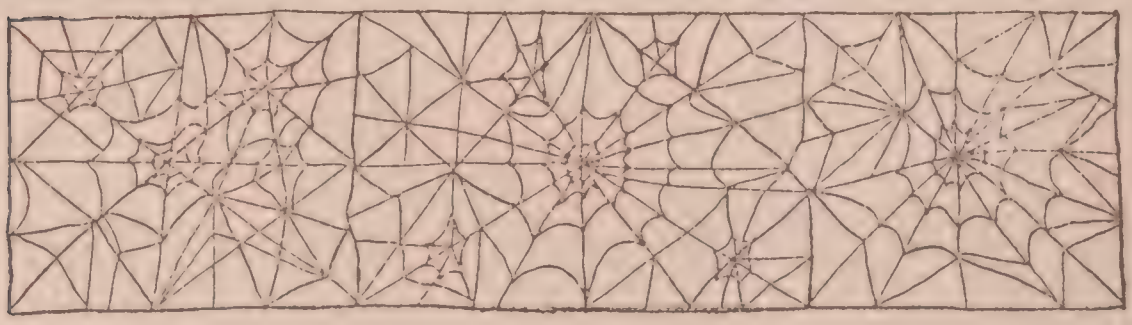
"THE banquet hall with its emerald green
Is a fit place for a Brownie queen;
And as she is ruler of the band,
Everything must be done by her command.
The weddings take place to-night."
Thus spake the Woodland Sprite.
She waved her fairy wand, "One, two, three,
"All set to work, so things will ready be."
They worked with a right good will
Until the moon the forest with silvery light did fill.
She waved her fairy wand, "One, two, three,

"Here Comes the Wedding Procession,
Tis a Jolly Sight to See"

FIRST came the Priest, in his cap and gown,
The most solemn-looking Brownie in all the town;
Then came the Brownie Queen, with her
golden crown,
A blaze of light in her jeweled gown.
She had chosen for her lover and her king
A cute little Brownie that Scotch ballads could sing.
He sang "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doo'"
So well, they wished he'd never get through.



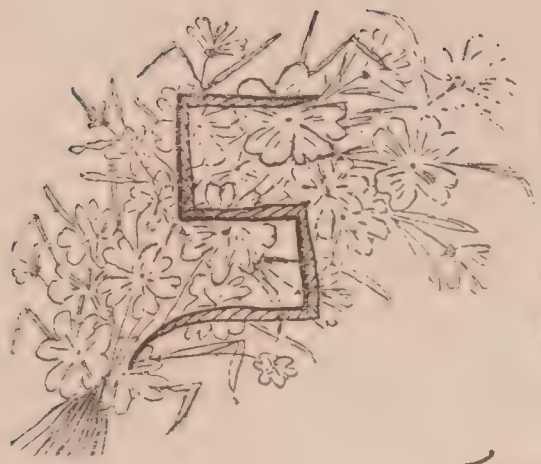
NEXT in line came Uncle Sam,
With brand-new suit all spic and span;
And Aunty Sam, dressed in red,
white and blue,
Was a bonnie bride, as good as she was true.
The Dude's wife was the acknowledged belle,
For no other bride was dressed so well.
Mr. and Mrs. Policeman, with their little clubs,
Look as if they could quell a number of hubbubs.
But law and order reign without command,
For Brownies are the best people in the land.



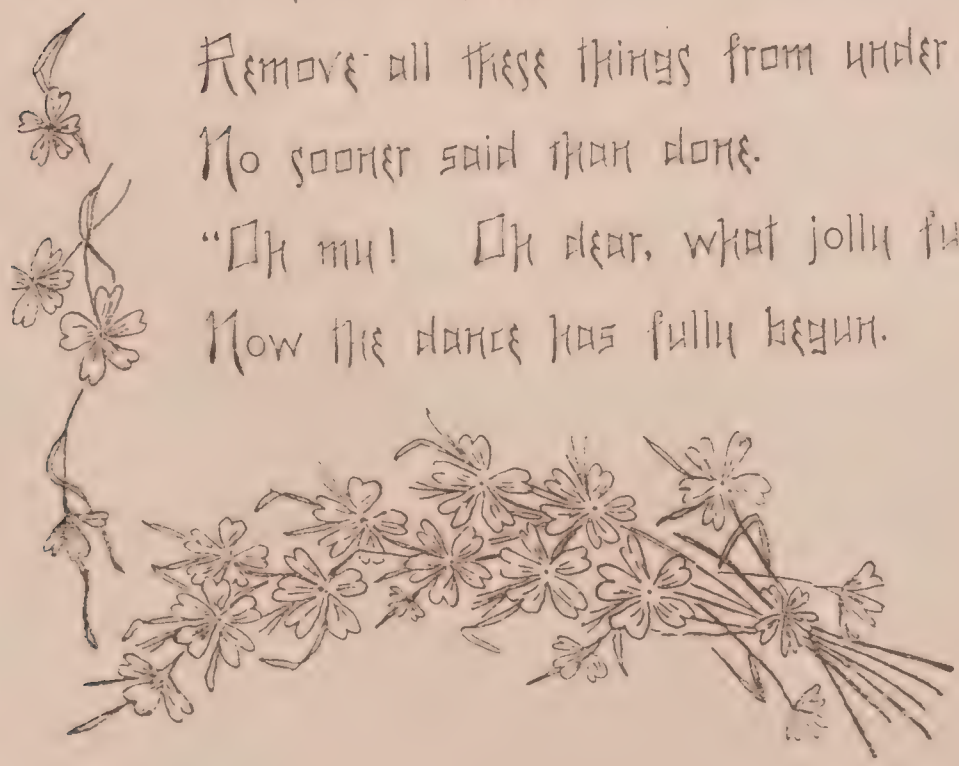
THE good priest's voice rang out clear and strong
As he addressed this Brownie throng:
"If thou wilt good husbands and wifies be,
Each other's faults you must never see.
Wifies, if your husbands stay out late,
Never mind because it is your fate.
And husbands, if your dinners are not ready,
Don't get 'heady,' but keep your temper steady.
I now pronounce each couple man and wife;
And may blessings follow you all through life.
And as these little Scotch people have come to
America to dwell,
To sing 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee' I think will be well."

And above the chorus there arose
Some queer little squeaks from the sprites clothes,
And from her pocket she took
A gay little bag which she vigorously shook.
Then came such a clatter
Every one wondered what was the matter.
To each she gave a little bud
That looked like a bit of brown mud.

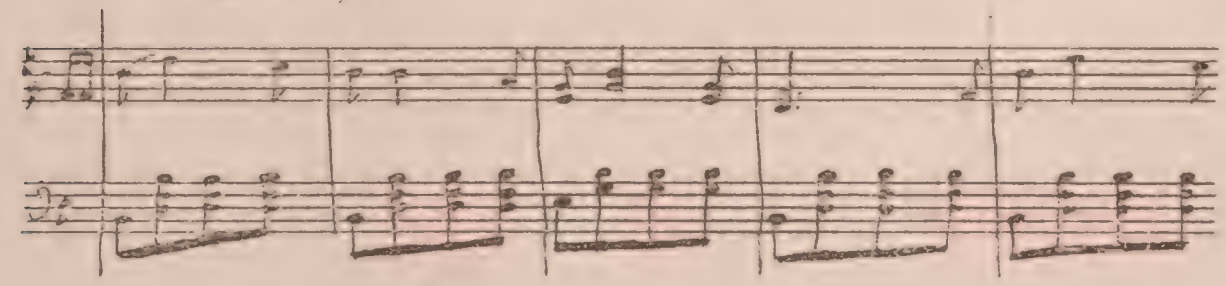
"I've just plucked these from the
Brownie tree of life,
And is my gift to each little wife:
Take it home and tend with loving care.
When it opens you'll find a Brownie baby there."



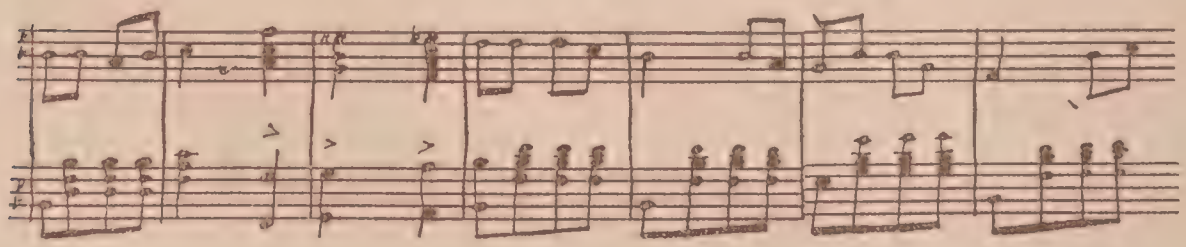
O the Sprite took her place,
'and all fell in line,
Drinking each other's health in
dew-drop wine.
She waved her fairy wand,
"One, two, three,
Remove all these things from under the tree."
No sooner said than done.
"Oh my! Oh dear, what jolly fun!"
Now the dance has fully begun.



"Up the middle and down again.
Patter their feet like drops of rain.
Swing opposite Brownie and back again"



"Wilder, Wilder fly their feet,
Swing on the Corner then your partner meet."



On and on regardless of plan,
For the Queen dances with the Irishman:
And the Irishwoman with the dude.
And the little pigtail of Wing Ching Foo
Entwined with the red, white and blue
Went hippity hop with Aunty Sam.
Who merrily said, "Who cares for Clan?"

AND on through the merry dance,
Until, as if 'twas quite by chance,
Some one tipped over the moon;
And her silvery light went out too soon.
Each little star twinkled a merry good-night,
And all was over without a fight.

Book IV.

THE BOOK OF FATE.

THE BOOK OF FATE.

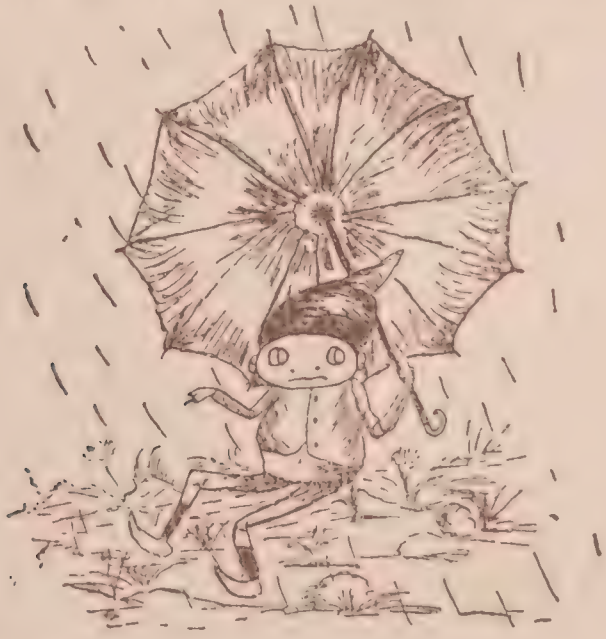
THE sailor with his wife went to sea in a gay
little boat,
And merrily over the dancing blue waves
did float.
He as a bonnie brown sailor, and she a bonnie
brown bride,
Joyously over the sea of life forever they happily
glide.

Wing Ching Foo and his wifie, too,
Have a little laundry and will work for you.

"Wishee, Wishee, Washee, Rub-a-dub-dub,"
Is the song they both sing at the tub.

UNCLE SAM and Aunty, both live at Washington,
And they will make welcome all who want to come.
The Dude and his wife are so bent on style,
That they are most miserable all the while.
The Irishman is in politics, an alderman is he,
His wife no longer washes, and a lady wants to be,
Grandma tends the babies through measles and croup,
While the little Nurse and Doctor the merry dollars scoop.

THE policeman and his wifie have had no work at all,
For the Brownies fight on the quiet and never have a brawl.
The little typewriter girl, with her modest eyes cast down,
Has been captivating all the Brownie boys in town.
One morning she awoke and found
That she alone wore an old maid's gown.



AND the Queen with her little band
Has taught those Brownie boys that they
don't own the land.
"Thus you see," said the Woodland Sprite,
"The birth of the Brownie girls was all right."
She waved her fairy wand, "One, two, three,
Give three cheers for the Brownie girls!
May they ever happy be!"

Good Bye Brownie Girls

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